

The
BELL COTE



1948

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Elorence de R. Fendler



Flo - you gobble eyed gaw child - well the years almost gone & I've finally come to the conclusion that you are one great gal! Maybe it's cause you know Ramsey and maybe it's cause you're your own repulsive, divine self! I'll miss you - but no such luck - you'll probably be back next year - Take care of the horses this summer and don't forget the most gorgeous gal in N.Y.C. Namely —

Hutch .'

Vincit Qui Se Vincit



"And cherished memories we'll hold"

The BELL COTE
1948



PUBLISHED BY
SENIOR CLASS OF
MOUNT VERNON JUNIOR COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PRESIDENT AND MRS. LLOYD



MISS AGNES DELANO

MISS DELANO, we want you to know how much you have enriched our lives, by your ability to inspire in us a desire to do our best. Our life at Mount Vernon is the theme of this book, and in the theme are expressed the symmetry and distinction of design for living toward which you have worked. Because of the genuine interest and friendship that you extend to each of us; because of your kindness and understanding; and because we love you so very much, we dedicate our yearbook to you.

With deepest affection,
Agnes DeLano

Foreword

IT IS A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT and as I lie here in bed, my favorite star once again looks down at me. For two happy years this has brought comfort and reassurance. On every clear evening this same star has kept a watchful eye over all of us here at Mount Vernon.

In another six months I shall no longer be able to look up from this peaceful spot and make a wish, or maybe even shed a small tear. Soon all of us will be graduated, and, although commencement will have its own thrills, the joyous days here at Mount Vernon will be over, leaving only memories to cherish in future years. But how dear these will be! How much Mount Vernon stands for! This is where I learned to study conscientiously, and how to meet what the day had to offer with courage and strong convictions. My heart is filled with gratitude. Here the word "happiness" has taken on a new meaning. What a delightful experience it has been to learn how to make the most out of life. One soon discovers that this depends upon our ability to accomplish worthwhile things. Achievement belongs to us alone. Yes, there have been times when the way seemed rough, but then the faith and courage of friends, I have watched previous obstacles disappear.

What fun it has been to exchange ideas with girls from different parts of our country, and then discover a certain bond which encircled us all, always drawing us together. These fast friendship will last forever, no matter how widely we may be separated.

It has not always been easy for me to understand another's point of view, but here I have learned the meaning of the word tolerance. I hope and trust that we will be tactful young women in the larger outside social world, carrying a sensitive perception which radiates kindness and consideration. Tact is but one of the qualities that we have gained at Mount Vernon. When a situation arises which needs skillful handling our school motto will come back to us, "He who conquers himself conquers all." If we are not able to overcome our own handicaps, how shall we possibly confront the more difficult obstacles which prevail at times, making themselves so potent in the struggle for freedom that is taking place all over the world today. We need not always agree with a neighbor's opinion; Mount Vernon will have taught us that the best way to live with others harmoniously is to respect and admire what each has to offer.

Yes, Dear Star, I am going to miss many things which have come to be a part of me, here at school, yet there is always the consoling thought that I shall be able to put into practice what I have learned here. May my spirit be as that of those who have dedicated their lives to our Alma Mater, which means, making an effort to give of myself rather than to be concerned about gaining a reward or praise. There are new fields to plow and all we have to do is use the many sturdy tools which have been handed to us.



Front row seated: Beaulieu, Munn, DeLano, Longi, Hastings, Torovsky, Koch. Second row: Loughran, Sargent, Miller, Curry, McKrill, Hennings, Searles, Borgeson, Bridges, Wood, Kronstadt, Houston, Young, Fratt, Horvath.

To the
sweetest
girl of
Mount Vernon
Olga Longi

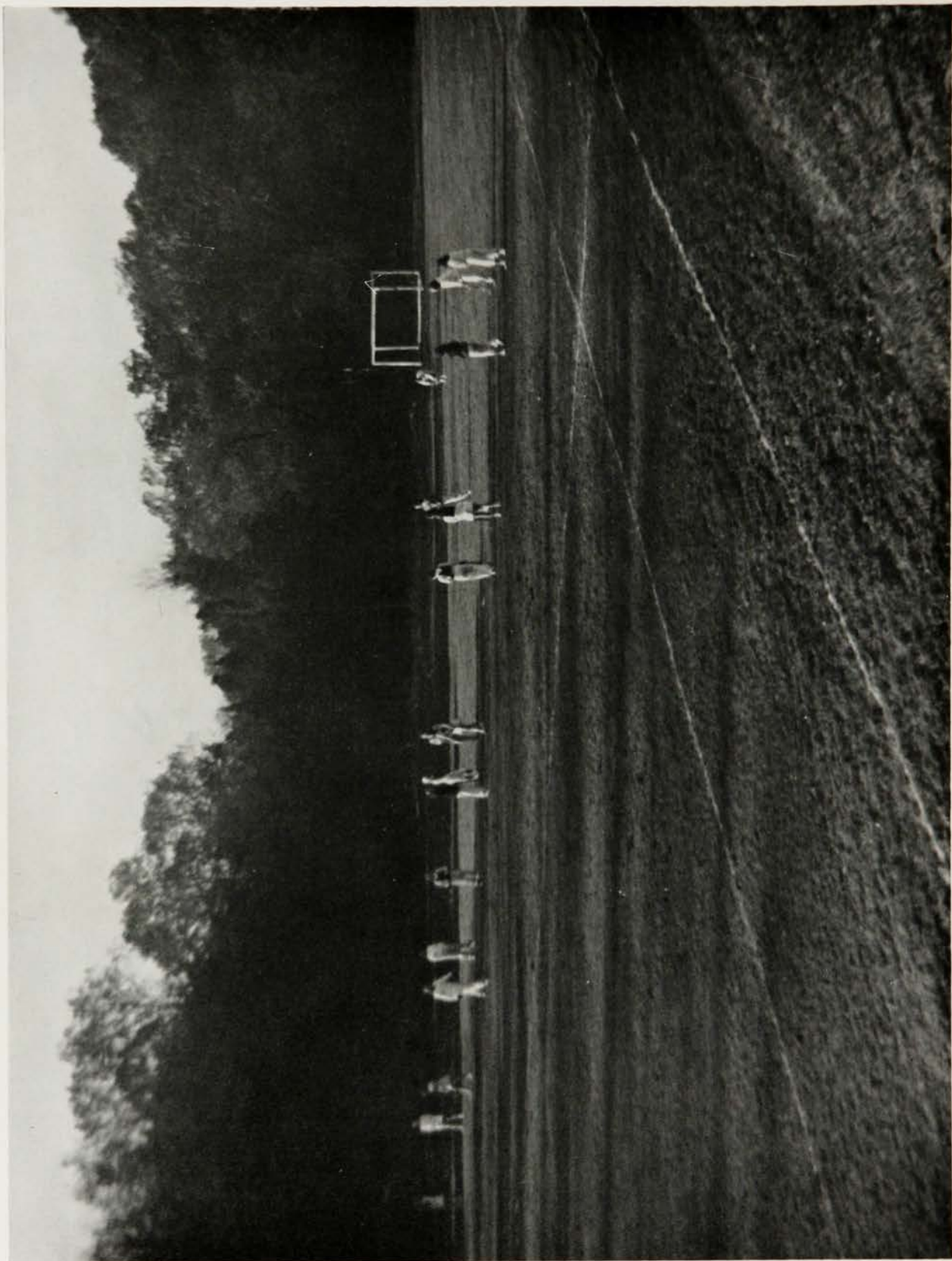
Administration and Faculty

ADMINISTRATION—

George W. Lloyd	President
Olwen Lloyd	Vice-President
Helen C. Hastings	Registrar
Montrose Phillips	Dean of Women
Dorothy Williamson	Director of Admissions
Joseph Loughran	Business Manager
Ardah Hennings	Alumna Secretary
Elizabeth Jones	Director of Residence
Helen M. Hannon	Director of Residence
Louise G. Koch	Director of Residence
Tess H. Speidel	Director of Residence
Muriel Hallowell	Director of Household
Annie B. Baylis	Dietitian
Helen Myers	Post Office and Transportation
Rachel Wood	Librarian
Martha Repplier	Bookstore
Ann Holbrook	Hostess
Gladys Steinem	Health
Nelle Snow	Health
Vera MacKrill	Secretary to the President
Betty Borgeson	Secretary to the Registrar
Betty Winkfield	Secretary to the Deans
Marion Kronstadt	Business Secretary

FACULTY—

Agnes DeLano	English, Philosophy, Art, History
Marguerite Munn	Art
Norma Bird	Psychology, Child Development
Elmer L. Kayser	History
Julia Elbogen	Piano
Olga Longi	French
Louise Koch	Music
Adolf Torovsky	Music
Vivian Torovsky	Speech
Frances Young	Science
Volna Curry	Physical Education
Sally Bemis	Physical Education
Adella Beaulieu	Secretarial Subjects
Nell Duke	Home Economics
Nona Houston	Mathematics, Science
Anna McGuffey	Voice
Flora Bridges	Government
Lawrence Horvath	History
Joseph Sargent	English
Charlotte Searles	English
Jose Tunon	Spanish
Dorothy Fratt	Art



Senior Class

FLORENCE R. FOERDERER *President*

DOLORES KRASNE *Vice-President*

ALLISON BRUSH *Secretary*

MARGARET BRUNSDALE *Treasurer*

Gardenia *Aquamarine and Gold*

With Love and Wisdom We Go Forth

CLASS SONG

*With joy and pride we congregate
Mount Vernon's Class of '48
To let our song to her ring through the air.

With love and wisdom we go forth
Beneath the turquoise and the gold
As sisters strong to face the common fare.
Together we will strive to further your name,
To keep ideals alive, the sky is our aim.

The campus from its cornerstone
Like we throughout the year have grown
We're proud to claim it for our very own.

We'll carry on traditions old
And cherished memories we'll hold
Throughout the future that is ours to build.
Altho' we will part the bond will not break,
With the common tie that we've strived to make.

And when it's time for us to part
Our college days will fill each heart,
While on each separate path of life we'll start.*

Florence, 'til death' - Quite frankly - I love this - I never can make any-
 thing sound as sincere as I'd like in these yearbooks, but please believe
 me, despite all the hatching you've taken from me, I couldn't ask for
 a better friend or person to work along
 with. Seems funny how all the
 yearbooks are worth a dozen compensating joys - but this year she
 really did learn us! We's not call
 it quits now; these our year friendships
 & byz-byz are so silly, and if distance
 keeps us from kicking up together, the
 U.S. mail service can do a 2nd rate job.
 Best love ever -
 FLEM

Student Body President



JEAN ALICE FLEMING

FLEM

Yellow Team; President's List (4); Optima '47, '48;
 President Student Council '48; Joint Committee Coun-
 cil '48; Class Treasurer '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

all this sure
 does date
 me, doesn't
 it?

Pet Expression—"Has anybody got a ciggi-butt"
 . . . Known for—Her cosmopolitan accent . . . Ad-
 mired for—Executive Ability . . . Main Occupation
 —Comparing Princeton with Yale . . . Ambition—
 To get a Phi Beta Kappa Key . . . Likely to—Be
 a second Daphne Du Maurier.

Senior Class President



FLORENCE DERAPELYE FOERDERER

FLO

White Team; Class President '47, '48; Joint Commit-
 tee Council '48; Glee Club '47; Little Theater '48;
 World Affairs Council '47, '48; Timer, Varsity Basket-
 ball '47; Vaudeville Show '47; Chapel Committee '47,
 '48.

Pet Expression—"I don't believe it" . . . Known
 for—Terrific spirit . . . Admired for—Excellent
 sportsmanship . . . Main Occupation—Boosting
 morale . . . Ambition—Own the finest horses in
 Pennsylvania . . . Likely to—Travel widely.



DOLORES KRASNE

DOT

White Team; Little Theatre '48; Hall
Chairman '47; Vice-President Senior Class
'48; Bell Cote, Assistant Editor '48.

Pet expression—"Somebody take this
hand" . . . Known for—Cuteness, pert-
ness, sweetness, friendliness . . . Admired
for—Good disposition . . . Main occupa-
tion—Imitating a Worry Wart . . . Ambition—
To B.A. . . . Likely to—Be found
in a Kansas City jazz spot.



ALLISON GRANT BRUSH

ALLIE

White Team; Secretary Senior Class '48;
Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"Hear" . . . Known for
—"I'm sick of bridge" . . . Admired for
—Calm decisions . . . Main Occupation—
Taking notes . . . Ambition—Be Duncan
Hines of New Orleans . . . Likely to—
Be "Met" soprano.



MARGARET ERLING BRUNSDALE

BRUNS

White Team; Fire Lieutenant '47; House
Treasurer '47; Varsity Hockey '47; World
Affairs Council '48 (Program Chairman);
Senior Class Treasurer '48.

Pet expression—"You Hacker" . . .
Known for—Holding her own . . . Ad-
mired for—True friendship . . . Occupa-
tion—Philosophizing . . . Ambition—
Have all the world see Minnesota . . .
Likely to—Write a love lorn column.



JOAN ALLENBACH

SANDY

White Team; Floor Chairman '47, '48; Little Theater '47; Hockey '47; Basketball '47; Baseball '47; Swimming Meet '47; Chairman of Pound '48.

Pet expression—"I've outgrown all my clothes" . . . Known for—Beating her hips . . . Admired for—Marvelous taste (in clothes) . . . Main occupation—Knit one, rip one . . . Ambition—Beats me . . . Likely to—Manufacture (?) gum.



CLARISSA ALVORD

RISSA

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47, '48; Baseball '47; President of Day Student Organization '48; Student Council '48.

Pet expression—"Someday we're going to get a new car" . . . Known for—That witty personality . . . Admired for—Vivacity and initiative . . . Main occupation—Getting to the "Point" . . . Ambition—To stump the experts . . . Likely to—Be a doctor and keep the world in stitches.



ANN LAWRENCE BARKSDALE

BARKSDUL

White Team; President's List (2); Social League '47, President '48; Student Council '48; Fire Captain '48; Floor Chairman '47, '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Good Goobies" . . . Known for—Her wink . . . Admired for—Leadership . . . Main occupation—Throwing good parties . . . Ambition—To walk more than one step in five minutes . . . Likely to—Spin a Spider web.

No dear.

May you materialize your inspirations & dreams into ideas. Good wishes! But only as your mind determines. But really - I wish you great - & when will play our little part on the "Cloud" - Council meetings & more philosophy. Her name - provides me with much an appearance when the wedding bells peal & watch me become Mrs. Deal!



SUZANNE M. BARNES

SUE

Yellow Team, Captain '48; Varsity Hockey '47, Captain '48; Varsity Tennis '47; Fire Lieutenant '47; Floor Chairman '47.

Pet expression—"No! I disagree!" . . . Known for—Being technical . . . Admired for—Her attractiveness . . . Occupation—Acting innocent . . . Ambition—To knit a sweater in less than a day . . . Likely to—Eat cat fish on Friday.



MARY DORSEY BATES

MEERIE

Yellow Team; President's List (1); World Affairs Council '48; Fire Lieutenant '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47.

Pet expression—"Pass me that magazine" . . . Known for—Texas talk . . . Admired for—Strikingly beautiful complexion . . . Main occupation—Trail-blazing (2nd floor to basement) . . . Ambition—To have three thousand oil fields . . . Likely to—Be an express man for trunks only!



ELIZABETH VAUGHAN BOATWRIGHT

BOOP

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; Social League '47; "Pinafore" '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"My eyes were as big as saucers" . . . Known for—Reading and writing (letters to U.V.A.) . . . Admired for—Beautiful taste in clothes . . . Main occupation—Deciphering medical code . . . Ambition—They're all carrot-topped . . . Likely to—Take to the hills near Charlottesville.

Dearest Flo,
It's hard
to say good
bye, but I
really hope
this isn't
the end. Hope
we can all
get together again some time.
If you ever come to Virginia be
sure and let me know. I've
enjoyed knowing you so very much
& you deserve the best in every
thing. There is much love to one
of the most wonderful girls I've
ever known and a fine friend.
Betty

Dearest Flo,
 Honestly, my two years here would never have
 been complete without you - it's so wonderful
 having you for a friend and don't be surprised
 if I turn up in Philadelphia next year. Cause now
 I have two interests up there - you and guess what!
 I hope life will be filled with happenings for you
 and I know that it will. Remember our philosophical
 chats - huh?
 Remember
 too that
 I love you -
 Mac



JULIA BREWER

JULIA

Yellow Team; World Affairs Council '48;
 Little Theater '47; Ingenuity Contest '48;
 Fire Lieutenant '48.

Pet expression—"Why?" . . . Known for
 —Sarcasm . . . Admired for—Stylish step-
 ping . . . Main occupation—Having peo-
 ple wait on her . . . Ambition—To attain
 Hill's height . . . Likely to—Marry a
 Yankee.



MARY AMELIA COPENHAVER

MAC

White Team; World Affairs Council, Vice-
 President '48; "Bell Cote" Literary Editor
 '48; President's List (4); Optima '48.

Pet expression—"Do you see what I
 mean?" . . . Known for—Eternal ques-
 tioning . . . Admired for—That scholas-
 tic child!!! . . . Main occupation—Philo-
 sophizing on philosophy . . . Ambition—
 To get a Ph.D. . . . Likely to—Get an
 M.D.



GRACE GOLDSMITH COX

GRACE

White Team; Student Council '48; House
 President '48; Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"Hello, Beautiful" . . .
 Known for—Sweetness . . . Admired for
 —Sincerity . . . Main occupation—Flying
 to Florida . . . Ambition—Kindergarten
 teacher . . . Likely to—Be a concert pianist.

Flo dear,

words can't say how much your
 friendship means to me. These past two years
 has been a joy to me to know you. You are
 really a wonderful gal and you deserve the
 best in life. See you soon so won't say so long
 but I love you.

Flo dear-

You are one of the most wonderful girls I've ever known and I certainly will miss you. Please call me when you're in L.I. this summer and I'll be looking forward to seeing you. I'll never forget "Bingo" either - that really was lots of fun. I can't write in year book but you know I



GRACE ROBERTS DENBY

DENNY

White Team; Little Theater '47, '48; Fire Lieutenant '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47.

Pet expression—"Let's go to a party" . . . Known for—Numerous phone calls . . . Admired for—Sweet nature . . . Main occupation—Flitting between Clark and Hensley . . . Ambition—To have her fortune come true . . . Likely to—Run a date bureau.

wish you all the luck and happiness in fact the very best of everything - now and always. my love to you
Denny
2



DANICE JOY DIRKSEN

JOY

White Team; Social League '48; House President '47, '48; Floor Chairman '47; Student Council '48; Ingenuity Contest '48; Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"Well, honey, I jest you not" . . . Known for—Congressional parties with her attractive father . . . Admired for—Natural curls . . . Main occupation—Being subtle and lending clothes . . . Ambition—Perpetual motion . . . Likely to—Have her fortune come true.



GRACE INDIA DOWNEY

GUSSIE

White Team; House President '47; Glee Club '47; Student Council '47; Ingenuity Contest '48; President's List (1).

Pet expression—"Dear Gussie" . . . Known for—Friday night poker sessions . . . Admired for—Week-ends at the beach . . . Main occupation—Asking Mike to "come here" . . . Ambition—Raise her bowling score . . . Likely to—Combine what she's known for with what she's admired for and have a gay time.

Dear Flo,
I can't tell you how much our friendship these past two years has meant to me. But I hope it doesn't stop with graduation, that it will continue for many years. Goodbye,
Gussie
(Hope that tear set comes through.)



MARJORIE HAGOOD DRAKE

MURGIE

Yellow Team; World Affairs Council, Treasurer '48; Floor Chairman '47; Fire Lieutenant '47; Little Theater '47; President's List (2); Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"I can't stand it!" . . . Known for—That voice . . . Admired for—Gay spirit . . . Main occupation—Popping her gum . . . Ambition—To type 100 words a minute . . . Likely to—Make Florida equal to the "Lone Star" state.



NANCY ESTERBROOK DWYER

DWY

Yellow Team; Hockey Varsity '47; World Affairs Council (President) '48; President's List (4); Optima '48.

Pet expression—"I don't agree with you" . . . Known for—Hitting the books . . . Admired for—Friendly smile . . . Main occupation—Keeping well informed . . . Ambition — Lead League of Women's Voters . . . Likely to—Be a neurotic mother.



GLORIA EISENMAN

GLORIA

White Team.

Pet expression—"Let's go bowling" . . . Known for—Her toll house cookies . . . Occupation—Letting silence reign . . . Admired for—Her pretty eyes and pug nose . . . Ambition—To get to class on time . . . Likely to—Be seen in "Crabtown."



CAROLYN K. EMERY

CAIRNEY

Yellow Team; World Affairs Council '48;
Glee Club '47; Varsity Tennis '47 (Cap-
tain); Tennis Trophy '47; Varsity Hockey
'47.

Pet expression—"Here come the gruesome
seven!" . . . Known for—Gullableness . . .
Admired for—Frankness . . . Main occu-
pation—Drinking (ice tea) . . . Ambition
—To be hostess on Inner Sanctum . . .
Likely to—Keep on going to nursery
school (but to teach).



GRETCHEN GENTNER

GRETCH

Yellow Team.

Pet expression—"Give the cheer, Gentner
is here" . . . Known for—Subtle remarks
. . . Admired for—Wit . . . Main occupa-
tion—Traveling from Washington to
California . . . Ambition—Teach nurs-
ery??? . . . Likely to—Roar around Pasa-
dena in a "hot rod."



JANET GILCHRIST

JANET

White Team; Glee Club; "Pinafore" '47.

Pet expression—"It's Sharp" . . . Known
for—Lush lanky look . . . Admired for—
Striking appearance . . . Main occupation
—Waiting for the bus . . . Ambition—
To win a card game . . . Likely to—Be a
Powers Model.

Dearest Flo.
Thank you for being you.
(Honestly) Flo. you seem to brighten
everyone's life. I feel that she has been
very fortunate in knowing you.
Gretchen Gentner
Here's hoping for a
full and happy life.
I know you'll have it.
Sincerely,
Gretchen

Dear Flo,
If you want to come
was going to write nice
things to tell you how
much I like you. It's been
pleasing you - you
sup - but
now I just
want to say
goodbye
to you - remember the day
we poured wine on the
class tree? Very many
it there -
Don't have,
Janet

Dear Flo,
It's unbelievable
that these two
years have passed
so quickly. I don't
know what we
would have done
without your cherry
face around all
the time. The
very best of luck
to you. Flo, if
you don't look me
up in Nantucket
when you come I
will be sad. A
Cutie.



Pet expression — "Psychologically speaking" . . . Known for—One-hand bridge games . . . Admired for—Good disposition . . . Main occupation—Sleeping by day and studying by night . . . Ambition—Somewhere in the scientific field . . . Likely to—Mess up Mass.

*Like everyone else I hate to leave dear old Md. I never
 likes anything but the people I met here are friendly
 with more than anything or any amount of money I'll be a
 good thing too!! So here I am - Come see me and I'll show you
 your always. Love, Olive*



BETTY JEANNE HARRELL

B. J.

White Team; Social League '47, '48;
Joint Committee Council '48.

Pet expression—"He said, He said, He said" . . . Known for—Little bow ribbons . . . Admired for—Tiny feet . . . Main occupation—Searching in pocketbook . . . Ambition—To take Miss Duke's place . . . Likely to—Marry a diplomat.



OLIVE K. HEATH

OLIVE

White Team, Captain '48; Little Theater '47, '48; Varsity Hockey '47, '48; Varsity Basketball '47, '48; Varsity Baseball '48; Fire Lieutenant '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"You only say it because it's true" . . . Known for—Dry wit . . . Admired for—Athletic ability . . . Main occupation—Collecting specimens of wild life . . . Ambition—That farm in Kansas . . . Likely to—Talk the world around her little finger.



ANN HILL

HILL

White Team, Captain '47; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore" '47 "Bell Cote," Business Manager '48; House President '47; Student Council '47; Joint Council '48; Social League, Secretary '47; World Affairs Council '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48; Floor Chairman '48

Pet expression—"Lush" . . . Known for—Pessimism . . . Admired for—Popularity with the other sex . . . Main occupation—Going to Princeton . . . Ambition—Be a Powers Model . . . Likely to—Keep a New Jersey accent.

*Dearest "Fireball" - what two years these have been
 man alive - I'll never forget them - ever.
 I've had just saying about that little boat trip
 you love to take spring - That's your idea of love
 and whether we go far
 do you kiss you.
 Will you ever
 forget Sky top
 and all those camp
 talks we've had
 life changing tied bits
 I am quite sure
 that Mrs. S. depends upon you or your
 life on him. Don't forget to come and see me - you're
 a real girl you'll be! I'll be there, eh!!!! having
 it in later it ain't quite so obvious.*



BARBARA HURFF

HURFF

White Team; Floor Chairman '47; Varsity Hockey, Captain '47, Co-Captain '48; Varsity Tennis '47; Glee Club '47; World Affairs Council, Membership Chairman '48.

Pet expression—"That's the Apex" . . . Known for—Telephone calls . . . Admired for—Conversation . . . Main occupation—Using her overnights to the best advantage . . . Ambition—To have an apartment in New York . . . Likely to—Make a fortune.



NANCY JAGELS

JAGELS

White Team; Vaudeville '47; Glee Club '47; World Affairs Council '48; Lend-a-Hand '48; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"Wait on me, hear!" . . . Known for—Good-looks . . . Admired for—Wonderful wearable wardrobe . . . Main occupation—Minniepooing . . . Ambition—Knit 14 inches worth of socks in one night . . . Likely to—Get what goes in the socks.



JANE FRANCIS JEFFERS

JEFFERS

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore"; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"Has the mail come?" . . . Known for—Twinkling eyes . . . Admired for—Bubbling personality . . . Main occupation—Collecting baby pictures of men . . . Ambition—To acquire that Lady Ester monotone . . . Likely to—Remodel shacks into chateaus.

Handwritten notes in blue ink at the top of the page, including "p6" and various illegible scribbles.

Handwritten notes in blue ink on the left side of the page, including "Flo. Jones - its really been wonderful", "knowing you there", "two years", "its hard to say", "good-bye", "but girls hoping", "will get to see each other in the near future", "the best of everything", "the grandest, gal.", "I know - much love always", "Jane".

will never forget the father of little feet on the third floor -
 accompanied by the warning cry, "There's Flo" as we all hit the
 deck or dived for under the beds! For 2 years we made your life
 miserable, but it sure was fun! I'll never forget you, dear, your
 understanding + interest and hope you'll always have the best that
 life can give you. Someday when I'll be rich (I hope) I'll come + buy
 one of your houses -
 But one more delinquent!



MAYAN STEVENS JENKINS

STEVE

White Team; Little Theater '48; Art Editor "Bell Cote" '48; Floor Chairman '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"If she has one, we don't know it" . . . Known for—That bewitching smile . . . Admired for—That way with the paint brush . . . Main occupation—Looking sophisticated . . . Ambition—To be a ballet dancer . . . Likely to—End up on Broadway.



ELAINE JOHNSON

ELAINE

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore"; Varsity Hockey '47; World Affairs Council '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"Devine" . . . Known for—Her naiveness . . . Admired for—Pretty hair and eyes . . . Main occupation—Answering the phone . . . Ambition—To always live near Rutgers . . . Likely to—Have her ambition.



ELIZABETH LOCKHART KENNEDY

BEEDIE

White Team; Fire Lieutenant '48; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Glooooooria" . . . Known for—Leading a stolen life . . . Admired for—Good coffee . . . Main occupation—Finding out what Gloria is going to wear . . . Ambition—To be a dentist . . . Likely to—Be her father's assistant.

Dear "Flo"

May we always remember the 'good mornings', the breakfast club, afternoon coffee hours, the adventures trip to Bay Gap, the plans for our country lives, and the fun it was to have you home. Please remember that friendship is only a short nap from Mother and our door is always open. Your Betty
 Betty Chappell

You lived with the two gay twins.
 You set the morning clock for the twins.
 You are all the nice things people say.
 But keep the phone in use and the
 address in Virginia.

Dearest One,
 Gloria



GLORIA CARROLL KENNEDY

GLOOOORIA

Yellow Team; Ingenuity Contest.

Pet expression—"Beeetty" . . . Known for—Leading a stolen life . . . Admired for—Free trips to Lexington . . . Main occupation—Finding out what Betty is going to wear . . . Ambition—Does she have one? . . . Likely to—Be a great aviatrix.



EVELYN KING

EVIE

Yellow Team; World Affairs Council (President '48); Little Theater '47; Floor Chairman '47; Social League '47, '48; "Bell Cote," Social Editor '48; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"Could I ask you a question?" . . . Known for—Spelling ability . . . Admired for—Good disposition . . . Main occupation—Letter writing . . . Ambition—Keeping dates at Princeton, W&L, and Virginia in order! . . . Likely to—Run world affairs.



MARGARIDA HELENA M. LEAO

MARGO

White Team; World Affairs Council '47, '48; Glee Club '48; President's List (1).

Pet expression—"Rules, Rules, Rules" . . . Known for—Versatility . . . Admired for—Beautiful tresses . . . Main occupation—Hammering on ivories . . . Ambition—Going home . . . Likely to—Own a library.

Dearest Flo. These two years have been so much to me. All the fun we've had - our friendships - now it's hard to break away - Flo, dear, I can't begin to tell you what a grand leader you have been to all of us - your friendship is me has meant more than anything - what I'm going to do next year when I'm in the dumps? I won't have Flo's pull out me out again. I know, wherever you go, you will get the very best out of life. This isn't good-bye for I'll sure we'll meet again. Much love to the best friend anyone could have - "Evie"

I hope you will forget my terrific and awful moments of discolored temperament during this year. I am really sorry and once again I ask you to forgive me. Try only to remember our happy days together and all the joys we enjoyed in Mount Vernon. I wish your happiness through all your life and more succeeds as you had in this dear school.



MARIA JOSEPHINA M. LEAO

SUSIE

Yellow Team; Floor Chairman '48; "Bell Cote," Co-Editor Photography '48; World Affairs Council '48.

Love and "sandwiches" from Susy.

Pet expression—"Do you think I care?" . . . Known for—Latin temperament . . . Admired for—Fluent speeches in that other language . . . Main occupation—Squeaking her violin . . . Likely to—Be a monkey trainer.

Dear Flo,

It's been wonderful knowing you these 2 yrs. & I'm shd going to miss you. Don't forget - we must get together next yr. Come to Atlanta sometime. & will you ever forget our bull sessions or Miss R.'s class! Lots of Love, Kate

KATE PENDELTON LENHARDT

KATE

White Team; Little Theater '47; World Affairs Council '48; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"My cow!" . . . Known for—Dead chicken . . . Admired for—Naiveness . . . Main occupation—Those bridge games . . . Likely to—Be a club-woman . . . Ambition—To find the fountain of youth.

RS. write me. see P. 66



ANN SHIPPEY LLEWELLEN

SHIPPEY

White Team; World Affairs Council '48; Fire Lieutenant '48; Varsity Hockey '47; Manager Basketball '48.

Pet expression—"I'm a tarheel born and a tarheel bred and when I die I'm a tarheel dead" . . . Known for—Cuteness and endless store of energy . . . Admired for—All around good spirit . . . Main occupation—Advertising "Goodies" . . . Ambition—To play on the Carolina team . . . Likely to—Be S.A.E. housemother.



Dear Flo -

Really - it's been so great these two years, and I've always enjoyed your wonderful spirit and zip - where do you get it - huh?!!! Only wish you could have been in Clark-Hensley so I could have known you better. I'll be coming up Bryn Mawr way next fall, so will call you - don't you dare ever come to New York without calling me. Will be coming down to Washington next year, so will see you then anyway.



MARION LOGAN

LOGAN

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; World Affairs Council '48; Varsity Hockey '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Just have to go to that party" . . . Known for—Numerous phone calls . . . Admired for—Ability to get the best sun tan in the shortest time! . . . Main occupation—Keeping the before mentioned . . . Ambition—To be a "party" leader . . . Likely to—Do research work at universities.

Be good & keep up that smile & leadership ability. Love . . .

opinion

Flo dear -

Here I am thinking hard on how to be original in my little note when all I really want to do is to thank you for your wonderful friendship. We've had two wonderful years here in Cole and this last has been particularly wonderful with you. You are one of the grandest girls I have ever known. We shall get together lots next year here in D.C. and I do hope you'll come up to Hbg. this summer. The best of everything to a sweet girl.



MARGARET ANN MASTERS

PEGGY

Yellow Team; Little Theater '47; President '48; Varsity Hockey '47; World Affairs '47, '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"I'm getting fat" . . . Admired for—Friendliness . . . Known for—Cultivated voice . . . Main occupation—Being in love with love . . . Ambition—To be a scientist . . . Likely to—Be a scientific dancer.



NANCY ANN MIKESELL

MIKE

Yellow Team; Bulletin Board Chairman '47; Floor Chairman '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Tiss Tash!" . . . Known for—Unobserved breakfast hours . . . Admired for—Talent with train conductors . . . Main occupation—Fading argyles . . . Ambition—Be a "bull" fighter in Toledo, Spain . . . Likely to—Settle up with those settlement kids.

Dearest Flo not much now left for too much of an epistle but might as well say

will do! These past two years have really been wonderful and if you ever get way up north in "Yankee land" please call me up - collect too if you want to - Best love, Mike

Love
Peggy

Dear Flo,

I don't need to congratulate you on your fine leadership in these 2 years, but I do want you to know you did a splendid job of unifying our class and giving us some of your spirit and loyalty to M.V. Flo, you have more fine traits than anyone I've ever met and please always stay as wonderful as you are now. Never will I forget you.



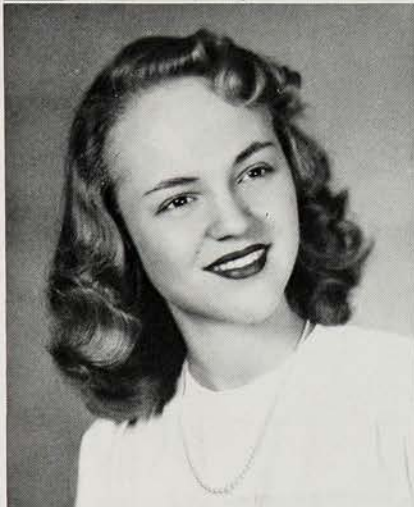
MARY LEIGH ROACH

COCKY

White Team; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore"; Varsity Hockey '47, '48; Varsity Basketball '47; Varsity Baseball '47; "Bell Cote," Sports Editor '48; World Affairs Council '48.

My love,
"Cocky"

Pet expression—"You done?" . . . Known for—Legs! . . . Admired for—Wim, wigger, gymnastics . . . Main occupation—Carrying her own Ovaltine . . . Ambition—To live at Twelve Oaks . . . Likely to—Acquire room-mate's Southern accent.



FRANKE FOY ROBERTS

FRANKIE

Yellow Team; Floor Chairman '47; Little Theater '47; World Affairs Council '48; Fire Lieutenant '47; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Hey Y'all" . . . Known for—You name it, she's got it . . . Admired for—Terrific disposition . . . Main occupation—Keeping Eufaula High . . . Ambition—To be President of A. G. C. S. (anti-gum chewing society) . . . Likely to—Be a buyer for House of Roberts.



SUSAN BOYD ROBERTS

SUE

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore" '47; Day Student Secretary-Treasurer '48.

Pet expression—"Where's Kracker?" . . . Known for—the pliable palette . . . Admired for—Having freckles and enjoying them . . . Main occupation—catching the 4 o'clock . . . Ambition—comparing notes with Dali . . . Likely to—Be seen at U. of Virginia.

Dear Flo,
in exchange for
vacation, I'll
and I'll just
original, but
I can't.
run in all
me. You have
wonderful
ideas, and
I'll be
Day Student
needed it.
Have a grand
future; and don't
overlook me, if you're
ever in Norfolk or
at Virginia Beach.
Thanks for
everything,
Sue

Dearest Mom,
 I'm sure the senior (or junior) class would have never made it through the "mud" and ups and downs if it had not been for your splendid leadership. Have enjoyed being in the same house with you these two years and hope the "North and South" meet many more times in the future. Best of luck and love always to a wonderful girl
 Robin



MARY ANN ROBISON

ROBIN

Yellow Team; Glee Club '47; Social League '47; Varsity Baseball '47; House President '48; Student Council '48; World Affairs Council '48.

Pet expression—"Don't call me Dodo"
 . . . Known for—Big brown eyes and those puns . . . Admired for—Easy going friendly spirit . . . Main occupation—Keeping her suite in hand . . . Ambition—Champion golfer . . . Likely to—Become a damyankee!



MARY TURNER RULE

M. T.

White Team; President's List (2); "Bell Cote," Circulation Manager '48; Floor Chairman '47, '48; Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"There I was, just a little innocent bystander" . . . Known for—Making even zinc oxide look chic . . . Admired for—Her contagious laugh . . . Main occupation—Supervising Rule Chinese Laundry . . . Ambition—To lead Navy to one victory . . . Likely to—Be a woman of distinction (in what M. T.?)



DOUGLASS PAINE SAFFARRANS

DOUG

White Team; President's List (4); Optima '48; Little Theater '47; Lend-a-Hand Chairman '48; Student Council '47, '48; World Affairs Council '48.

Pet expression—"How attttrractive!" . . . Known for—Sunday night trips to the academic building . . . Admired for—Subtle humor . . . Ambition—Have more wit and less knit . . . Likely to—Put Johnny on the spot.

There are so many wonderful memories for these two years. One of the best is knowing you. I am really sorry that I am not so far away from you. I hope it won't be long before we meet again. I wish you all joy and happiness. You don't know what you make for yourself. Love, Doug

Dear + so,

I'll never forget having known you these two years. You have been such a part of W.V.S. — such a marvellous part of a wonderful school. To have I come to Philly — all the way from Texas I'll be sure to get hold of you. With love & best possible wishes,
Adelaide



ADELAIDE SCOTT

ADELAIDE

Yellow Team; World Affairs Council, Secretary '48; Chapel Committee Chairman '48; President's List (2).

Pet expression—"Well, yes, I guess so"
... Known for—Perpetual smile ... Admired for—Special delivery letters ... Main occupation—Maintaining her half of the knit wits ... Ambition—Take midnight messages for doctor ... Likely to—Get a birthday cake.



DIANE ASHFIELD SCRIPPS

SCRIPPS

Yellow Team; "Bell Cote" '47, Editor-in-Chief '48; World Affairs Council, Secretary '47, '48; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore" '47; Riding Team '47; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Just one more full moon" ... Known for—Latest returns ... Admired for—Knowing a little about a lot ... Main occupation—Sleeping ... Chief cook and bottle washer at the D. O. C. ... Likely to—Go crazy over this year book.

Dearest Flo,
Cutie girl, you don't know how I miss you next year. It's really been a privilege knowing you and working with you. Please, Flo, come see me in Boston next year - any time!!!
Love, Scripps



Dear Flo,

I'll always remember you as being one of the most wonderful girls I've ever known. It was your leadership that pulled us together these two years — two wonderful years at M. S. S. C.

ELIZABETH BERREY STONE

BETTY

White Team; Glee Club '47; "Pinafore" '47; World Affairs Council '48; Floor Chairman '47; Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"Ah, quit it" ... Known for—Reserved seat in library ... Admired for—Friendly smile ... Main occupation—Picking up her room ... Ambition—Keep Olive in tact ... Likely to—Be a famous horsewoman.

Stay as sweet as you are. — And remember any time you're down Texas way look me up —

Love always,
Betty

Dear Flo,

Don't forget all the fun we've had here these past two years. You've been here even longer and have more to remember than I have. I think you'd better give up your plans for animal husbandry and either be an inspiring President or a famous actress. Whatever you do, good luck.

Love,

Nancy

NANCY SULLIVAN

SULLY

White Team, President's List (5); "Optima" '48; Secretary-Treasurer; Chapel Committee '48; Little Theater '47; Lend-a-Hand '48; Glee Club '47, '48.

Pet expression—"Well, now really" . . . Known for—Giggle . . . Admired for—Perpetual good humor . . . Main occupation—Making blind dates . . . Ambition—To live in the dorm . . . Likely to—Keep falling in love.



NELL HUNTER TRASK

NELL

White Team; Glee Club '47; World Affairs Council (Social Chairman '48); Fire Chief '47; President's List (1).

Pet expression—"How shall I divide my overnights?" . . . Known for—Dimples . . . Admired for—Natural beauty . . . Main occupation—Trying to find a gay "four year college" . . . Ambition—Own Garfinckel's . . . Likely to—See the world in a weekend.



GUNDA VON KLEINWAECHTER

GUNDA

Pet expression—"Fat like a pig" . . . Known for—Class conversations . . . Admired for—Common sense . . . Main occupation—Head teacher of Beavoir . . . Ambition—To run a nursery school . . . Likely to—Be assistant to Mr. Anthony.



Dear Flo,
You made my
stay at M.B.S.
real nice one.
You do not know
how much you
understandings &
friendly smile mean
to me. Stay as you
are. You will make
many more people
happy! The way best
always to you
Love Gunda



JANE WELLIN

WELLIN

Yellow Team; House President '48; Floor Chairman '47; Fire Chief '47; Student Council '48; Ingenuity Contest '48; Vaudeville '47.

Pet expression—"You toad!" . . . Known for—Unique expressions . . . Admired for—Subtle but cunning humor . . . Main occupation—Reigning over the "Hen House" . . . Ambition—Go abroad—Africa, that is . . . Likely to—Drop dead.



ALBERTA WEST

BERT

Yellow Team; Floor Chairman '48; Fire Chief '47; Varsity Basketball '47, '48; Varsity Hockey '47, '48; A.A. '47; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47.

Pet expression—"Said it again" . . . Known for—Her problems . . . Admired for—Her phone calls . . . Main occupation—Those awful argyles . . . Ambition—Spanish translator . . . Likely to—Be lady of leisure.



FRANCES BRYAN WILLIAMS

PARD

White Team; Fire Chief '48; Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '47.

Pet expression—"Just let me ask one more question" . . . Known for—Road map of Virginia . . . Admired for—Sense of humor . . . Main occupation—Effervescing . . . Ambition—Speak before breakfast . . . Likely to never speak before breakfast.

*She is here
to put her
all the things
that go through
my mind. All
the things we have
experienced all are
facts - I want to go
anything you know of your aunt
all the things. Please I & you
don't you guess. All the best to
you - the dearest. It's
Love from Dad*

Dear Flo,
I hate to
see the time draining
near when I have to
leave such good friends
your friend ship has meant a lot
to me Flo and I
possible, I'll be
know I'll be in
come. Best of
George, if it's
down next year. You
New York so please
luck & happiness always.
Love, Hope



HOPE WILLIAMS

HOPE

Yellow Team; A.A. (President '48);
World Affairs Council '48; Fire Chief '48;
Student Council '48; Tennis Varsity '47;
Vaudeville '47; Ingenuity Contest '48.

Pet expression—"It's nifty" . . . Known
for—Tennis . . . Admired for—Those
curly locks . . . Main occupation—Knit-
ting . . . Ambition—Teaching kindergar-
ten in a foreign country . . . Likely to—
Be a wonderful mother.



EVELYN NEVILLE WILSON

LYNNE

Yellow Team; President's List (2); World
Affairs Council '48; Little Theater '48.

Pet expression—"Oh, really" . . . Known
for—Multimillion clothes . . . Admired
for—Understanding of Philosophy . . .
Main occupation—Carrying things be-
tween school and apartment . . . Ambition
—Knit a ski sweater and pass exams at the
same time . . . Likely to—Attain her
ambition with one hand.

Class History

NOVEMBER FOURTH, 1946 is a date we won't ever forget, for it was at this time that a rather bewildered group of Juniors entered the gates of Mount Vernon. The new buildings on Foxhall Road were still being constructed and although there was a great deal of terra firma's covering outside known to many of us as mud, we were very comfortably situated in our respective dormitories. Every day brought a new surprise, which was either a closet door, both room cabinets with mirrors, door knobs, and the biggest thrill of all was the grass which finally rolled out like a carpet and covered the sticky clay. We must have felt like good Queen Bess, although we did not care to have Walter Raleigh's coat. Our alarm clocks were not put to use for quite some time, since we were awakened each morning by a symphony of hammers, a rumbling tractor, or a cheerie "good morning," as a carpenter entered with added modern conveniences to our delight.

Douglass Saffarrans was temporary class president during the probation period. The Seniors gave us a test which many of us passed. Our vaudeville show followed; our theme being a Law Court. This drew us close together and made us a single unit with real spirit behind us.

Permanent class elections took place shortly when we were on our own, and we chose our motto, color, and flower. The seniors did all they could in an attempt to learn this. But we very joyously won the ingenuity contest held the weekend after Christmas holidays. We were once more assured we could work together.

In the spring we presented our colors in the Refectory, marching in the side door dressed in white and singing our class song.

"A Stairway To The Stars" was our theme at the Junior-Senior banquet which we tried to make as beautiful as they used to be in the old school.

The Senior Carnival was a great deal of fun and we all danced long into the night on the lighted tennis courts.

Class History--Continued

It was sad to say good-bye to many of our favorite Seniors especially the ones we had capped earlier at graduation when June finally came.

In September of 1947 we returned proudly to take our places as Seniors, and show the Juniors their new home. Miss Delano was to be our class advisor which pleased us very much.

At an early class meeting we decided to raise money to aid the Mount Vernon drive. We planned to reach our goal by presenting several functions.

Traditionally we challenged the Juniors to an ingenuity contest the first week-end after Christmas vacation. Very sadly we lost, but we feel pretty sure we guessed their colors.

As we look forward we have a fashion show to present and other benefits, all for a very worthy cause. But with a heavy heart we see ahead the Cap and Gown Ceremony, Class Night, the tree planting ceremony and the last, but not least, graduation in June, when, "With Love and Wisdom We Go Forth" saying "au revoir" to loved friends and happy days.

FLORENCE FOERDERER

Junior Class

MARTHA BOARDMAN *President*

CAROLINE COLLIER *Vice-President*

PIXIE MACLEOD *Secretary*

LAURA MURPHY *Treasurer*

Carnation *Maroon and Light Blue*

He Who Wills To Succeed Cannot Fail.

CLASS SONG

*Carnations are flowering for the Junior Class.
In the hush of the silvery dew,
And the torch light is burning for all of us,
And it burns for maroon and light blue,
Though carnations may fade in the summertime.
And as friends we may forever part,
There is one thing that lives for the class of '49,
Is the love in each member's heart.*

Dearest Flo. In spite of all the hideous things
 to you, deep down, I really love you! Even tho' you are
 a damn spook. I'd best come down & see by me and I'll
 show you a pretty hare. they don't grow like that in

Cherrybrook
 you lucky
 have been
 sweet to me
 and I at. I
 I'll never
 forget you!
 It's exactly
 the same
 from you!
 Best Love,
 Martha
 G.A. G.A. 1940



Such
 beauty
 it had
 me.
 Hope
 you go
 on with
 animal
 husband
 then you
 can be
 me. What
 it's like
 (I'm not
 there yet)
 I'll be
 there for
 sure!
 having
 special
 love that
 I'll be
 there for
 sure!
 when
 you go
 I'll be
 there for
 sure!
 when
 you go
 I'll be
 there for
 sure!



CLARK HOUSE. First row: McLeod, Cravens, H. Persson, Chapin, Benners, Taylor, VanSchaack, Baker. Second row: Wedthoff, M. Smith, MacFarlane, E. Jones, Thomas. Third row: Brooks, Persons, Lanier, Bering, Greer, Mendoza, Higginbotham, M. Evans, F. Shaw, Woolwine, Ritch, Swint.

HENSLEY HOUSE. First row: Reed, Trainer, Shoop, Connelly, E. Shaw, Second row: Hunter, Brown, Bean, Klingler, Norris, Parker, Armbricht, Arrington.

Living in Cold
 with you has been
 wonderful. Flo. One
 that has me worried
 is how Mt. Vernon is
 going to get along
 with you. Come to
 Texas any time
 I see the best
 life to you. I
 love you
 Patty

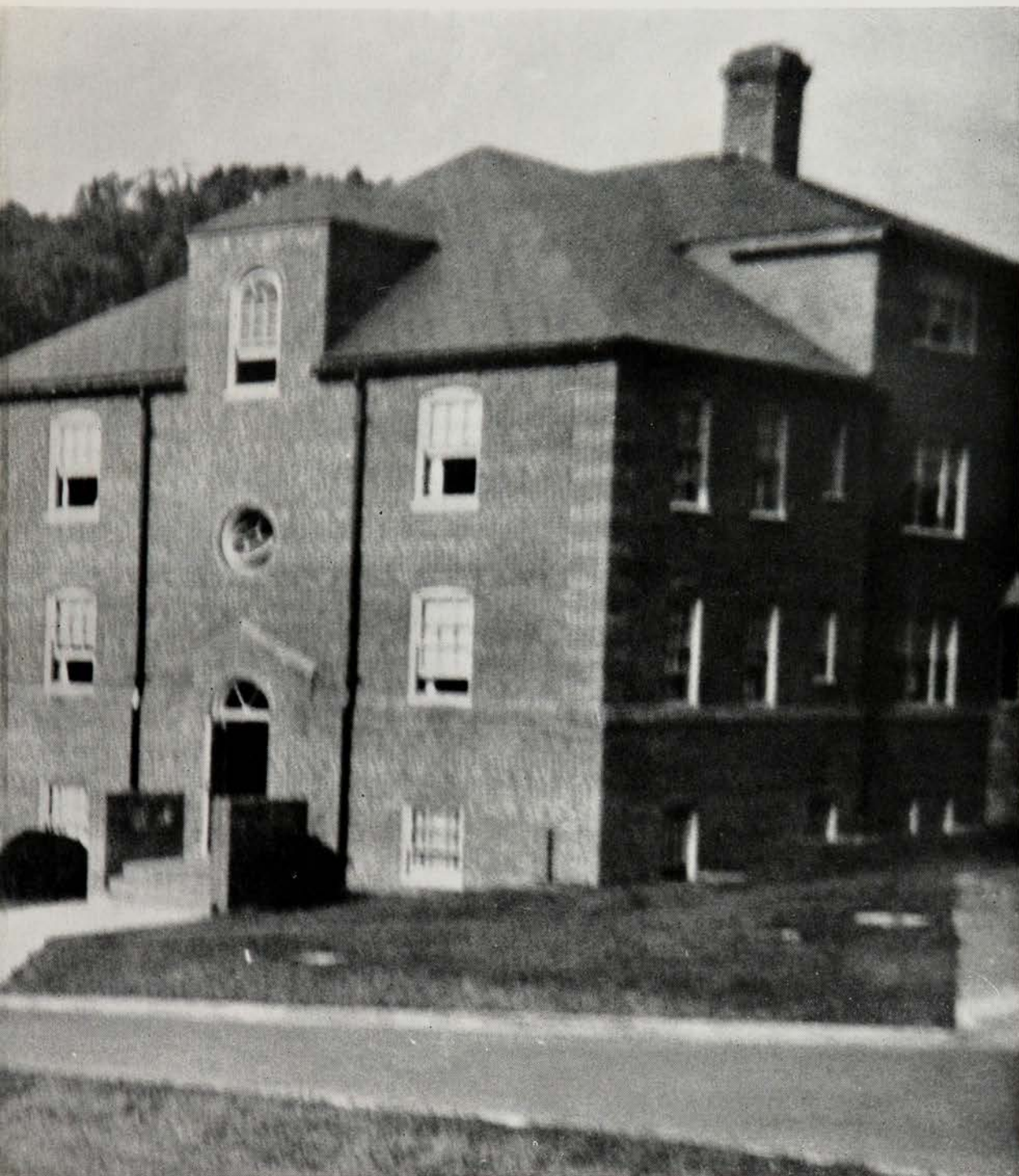
DAY STUDENTS, GATESLEY, 2400 FOXHALL RD. *First row:* Merriam, Matthews, Patterson, Flannagan, H. Logan, Sbarounis, Portong. *Second row:* Murphy, Carson, Boston, Candler, van der Eyk, Neuenschwander, Collier, S. L. Smith, McKinnon, Powell. *Third row:* Iverson, Miley, Howes, Stevens, Bowen, Davis, A. Robison.

COLE HOUSE. *First row:* Yerkes, Logue, Harrison, Coolidge, Dozier. *Second row:* Emiliani, F. King, Shipps, Gwathmey, Warren, Coe. *Third Row:* Boardman, Crawford, Evans, Wagar, Moser, Hutchinson, Peckinpugh, Beck.

same without
you around. You
got, ya know,
in really spinn'
to miss ya, and
I hope I'll see
you again soon.
If you ever
come down
Missouri way,
don't forget
your old pals
Kenny & Janet.
If you dare
come, & not
call me, you'll
never live it
down! Don't
forget that you

DAY STUDENTS. GAT
Patterson, Flannagan, H
Boston, Candler, van der
Third row: Iverson, Mil
Clothing class! We
was really PEE.
I hope you'll always
have tons of love
+ happiness +
Remember that I'm
going to miss ya.





“THE CAMPUS—*From Its Cornerstone*”

Prophecy

TIME: AUTUMN, 1970

LEAVES FALLING, the ivy covered buildings, and the sound of chapel bells echoing across the campus, created an inspiring atmosphere for the reunion of the class of '48.

Flo Foerderer, Alumna Secretary, was showing some of the "girls" the new gymnasium. Olive Heath, Hope Williams and Jane Wellin, shocked at the new basketball rules, murmured, "We didn't play it that way!" The Kennedy twins were admiring the indoor pool.

Mary Bates, Government instructor, was holding open house in her class room. Congresswoman Dirkson, Historian Dwyer, Psychiatrist Gilchrist, Actress Masters, Journalist Scripps, and U.N. Representative Copenhaver were listening intently to Clarissa Alvord's description of India. Foreign Correspondent Fleming and Ski Instructor Roach were giving the former Misses Barnes, Brunsdale, Brewer, and Denby, a vacation from household responsibilities.

Fashion Designers Jenkins and Allenbach were discussing current vogues with Editor Hill of Harper's Bazaar. Ann had left her staff of Jagels, Jeffers, and Johnson in charge. She announced that the former Misses Trask, Lewallen, West, Drake, Hurff, Emery, and Graham, had been listed among the ten best-dressed women of 1970.

Senator's wives, Sue Roberts and Nancy Sullivan; wife of the Atomic Scientist, Evelyn Wilson; and Movie Magnate's wife, Evelyn King greeted Lady Ashley and Countess DeSivegny, formerly Misses Rule and Krasne.

The former Pard Williams reported on those not present. Anne Barksdale was giving a house party for Betty Boatwright's daughter. Carlie Greene and B. J. Harrell were visiting the Leaos in Brazil. Franke Roberts' grandchildren were ill. Adelaide Scott was enroute to Alaska. Ruth Hale couldn't leave her plantation. Doug Saffarrans had a new oil well coming in down in Texas. M. A. Robison and Marion Logan were abroad with their children.

Examining the new dormitories were the former Misses Stone, Kleinwechter, Lenhardt, Brush, Cox, Eisenman, and Gentner who were all having difficulty remembering each other's married names.

A plane swooped down onto Mt. Vernon's flying field. Nancy Mikesell and Grace Downey, arriving from Milan, completed the rostrum of the 1948 class reunion.



Organizations



First row: M. A. Robison, S. L. Smith, Fleming, Chapin, Dirksen. Second row: Yerkes, Foederer. Third row: Boardman, Armbricht, Saffarrans, Wellin, Barksdale, Benners.

Student Council

President	JEAN FLEMING
Secretary	DORIS CHAPIN
Co-Secretary	SALLY LOU SMITH

THE STUDENT COUNCIL, composed of student representatives, serves as an organ of student opinion and legislates in matters concerning the home and social life of the students. A faculty member from the joint committee council is present at each meeting to give advice and make suggestions.

A cross-section of the college group, it includes the following: the Student Body President, Jean Fleming; the Senior Class President, Florence Foederer; the Student Council Secretary, Doris Chapin; the Junior Class President, Martha Boardman; Senior and Junior House President from each house, Clark House, Joy Dirksen and Margaret Ben-

ners; Hensely House, Jane Wellin and Irene Connelly; Cole House, Mary Ann Robison, and Ann Yerkes; Gatesley House, Sally Lou Smith; 2400 Foxhall Road, Grace Cox; Day Students' President, Clarissa Alvord; Social League Chairman, Ann Barksdale; Athletic Association President, Hope Williams; Lend-a-Hand Chairman, Douglass Saffarrans.

Through this organization, the students assume responsibility for promoting the best interests of the group, and for cooperating with the faculty, administration, and alumnae, to further the ideals for which Mount Vernon stands.



Mulford, Heath, Williams, Barnes, F. Shaw

Athletic Association

President HOPE WILLIAMS

White Team Captain OLIVE HEATH
 White Team Co-Captain FANNY SHAW
 Yellow Team Captain SUE BARNES
 Yellow Team Co-Captain JOAN MULFORD

UNDER THE ENTHUSIASTIC guidance of Miss Curry, the Athletic Association strives to build up and maintain college spirit.

The responsibility of the council is to schedule games with other colleges and plan intermural activities. The Mt. Vernon varities this year have achieved an outstanding record with the able support of a brown and yellow monkey (stuffed!)

With the change of seasons comes a change in sports: in the fall, hockey and horseback riding; in the winter, basketball and supervised dancing; and in the spring, tennis, golf and basketball. Along with the balmy spring weather come barbecues, sleep-outs, and poison ivy!

The college is divided into two groups: the yellow and white teams, or, more appropriately, the Lady Bugs and the Black Widows. With the expansion of the college and the growing interest of the students, the athletic organization is striving to increase its influence.

Dear too,
 how have made
 the year at Mt. Vernon
 tops for me - without
 your wonderful spirit
 and beautiful smile
 it could have been
 so hard to leave and
 go away to school for
 the first time. But it takes
 around people like you
 to make me - I hope you're
 like me - I hope you're
 really me -
 you & me
 goa



First row: Logue, Saffarrans. Second row: Sullivan, Jagels, E. Shaw.



First row: Fleming, Sullivan, Dwyer. Second row: Copenhaver, Saffarrans.

Lend-A-Hand

President DOUGLAS SAFFARRANS

LEND-A-HAND is a social service club at Mt. Vernon Junior College, with a representative from the senior class, the junior class, and the day student group. The activities for this year included contributions to such worthwhile organizations as the Community Chest, the Tuberculosis Society and the Boy's Club of Washington.

The students filled Christmas stockings for an orphan's home and served as volunteer workers at the Hillcrest Children's Village.

With the continued efforts of the students and the representatives, Lend-a-Hand will carry on its excellent work in the future.

Members: Nancy Jagels, Sally Logue, Douglas Saffarrans, Elsie Shaw and Nancy Sullivan.

Optima

Secretary and Treasurer NANCY SULLIVAN

THE OPTIMA CLUB is composed of the honor students from both the Preparatory School and the Junior College. High scholastic standing and evidences of good citizenship are the qualities required for membership. Election to the society is by unanimous vote of its members.

Among the activities this year, the club accepted the responsibility for providing Christmas presents for an "adopted" family. In the spring, the members collected and sent books to a girl's school in England.

Through its program, the club attempts to increase the student's responsibility toward her studies, her school community, and the larger community of the world.

Members are: Mary Amelia Copenhaver, Nancy Dwyer, Jean Fleming, Douglas Saffarrans, and Nancy Sullivan.



First row: Harrell, Trainer. Second row: King, Gardner, Barksdale, V. Persons, Dirksen, Merriam

Social League

President ANNE BARKSDALE

ADDING MUCH GAIETY and variety to Mount Vernon is our Social League, composed of the entire student body with a committee representing the two classes. The year started off with a bang at the Junior-Senior party, with entertainment provided by the Senior Jesters.

The fall season was celebrated with a barn dance in the Refectory. Hallowe'en found us amid corn cobs and jack-o-lanterns, bobbing for apples and, in seclusion, we were told of our future by a gypsy fortune teller.

The high point of the winter season was a formal dance in the Refectory which preceded a gala Christmas vacation.

Hearts were gay on Valentine Day as we followed the theme of the occasion. Spring brought Mt. Vernon beauties into full bloom at the house party weekend held on the campus.

The year was crowned with the glowing commencement weekend with everything in the line of festivities from a formal dance at the Shoreham to open houses a la Mt. Vernon. This climaxed a most successful year. . . . Thanks to the Social League!

Members: Anne Barksdale, Joy Dirksen, Dody Gardner, Betty Jeanne Harrell, Evelyn King, Peggy Merriam, Virginia Persons, and Phoebe Trainer.



First row: Brunsdale, F. Roberts, Wilson, King, Johnson, Hurff. *Second row:* Dwyer, S. Leao, Trask, Scott, Foerderer, Lewallen, M. Logan, Van Schaack, Chapin. *Third row:* M. A. Robison, Rule, Lenhardt, Brewer, Emery. *Fourth row:* Drake, Connelly, Copenhaver, Norris, Bates, Scripps, Hill, Wellin, Roach, Barnes, Jagels, Benners. *Absent:* E. Johnson, Mulford, Parker, Persons, Saffarrans, Stone, Yerkes.

World Affairs Club

<i>President</i>	EVELYN KING
<i>Vice-President</i>	MAC COPENHAVER
<i>Secretary</i>	ADELAIDE SCOTT
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARJORIE DRAKE

THE WORLD AFFAIRS CLUB was reorganized this year and is composed of a group of students whose primary interest is in the study and observation of those problems which are pertinent to world peace today. The aim of its members is to keep well informed on current events, to develop a clear understanding of the relation of these events, and to study the possibility of improving world relations.

Talks by authorities on current affairs and

group discussions of the members constitute the bi-monthly programs.

This year, senior members visited the United Nations Assembly in New York. The group was able to observe the General Assembly in action, and through this close-up view saw more clearly its purposes and functions. Through this trip the club realized problems of world peace, which have since been topics for discussion at club meetings.

Oh! Flossie, warm, Bingo,
 you mighty bit of energy, you. You don't have
 any idea how many little "summer salts" my heart
 did when I heard you might stay next year. I know
 you won't have the sea
 Cloud to
 amuse you,
 but we will
 try to interest
 you in some
 other way.
 Honestly, Flo,
 I think you're
 a peach.
 Lovin'ly,
 Sal



Little Theatre

President PEGGY MASTERS

First row: Elizabeth Reed, Sally Lou Smith, Caroline Collier, Peggy Masters, Janis Shoop, Grace Denby, Florence Foerderer. Second row: Ruth Hale, Evelyn Wilson, Mayan Jenkins, Diane Hutchinson, Olive Heath, Joan van der Eyk. Absent: Betty Brown, Ann Flannagan and Elizabeth Jones.



Glee Club

First row: Betty Stone, Molly Armbricht, Francis Baker, Barbara Ritch, Marjorie McKinnon. Second row: Elsie Shaw, Jane Carson, Nancy Sullivan, Virginia Addison. Third row: Mary Evans, Freddie Mendoza.

{ 45 }

Flossie, you darling thing,
 you're the cutest and bestest. You'll never know how
 much I've enjoyed knowing you and being with you - tho' it
 wasn't nearly enough. I've never known anybody so throbbing with
 personalit.!!! Flo darlin', the very best to you in everything. Love, always.

Also, you have certainly made my year the perfect and have been the friendliest person to all of us. It really means a lot to a poor little junior to have someone like you around. It is going to be empty next year without you and I will miss you. Please come back to me.
Love,
Carolyn



Front row: Thomas, Swint, Boston, Baker, Scripps, Greene, Smith, Rule, Wedthoff. Second row: Van der Eyk, Arrington, Robison, Taylor, McLeod. Third row: Brown, Jenkins, Woolwine, Hill, Gardner, Higginbotham, Parker, Roach, Klingler.

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CIRCULATION	Dolores Patterson	SPORTS	Ann Wedthoff



Activities



Mid Winter Formal



Mid Winter Formal

Are you girls looking for something?

"This is the way we brush our teeth."



Florida was never like this.

La Cucaracha is the sporty type.



What a blendship.



Now who's being coy?

"How Dry I Am."

If we had the wings of an angel.





Yeah? Yeah!

Party. party.

Hi Gus, stay as long as you want. Love ya always. Please don't ever forget me - no body could take ya from you. Love, Prim

"I'd have frozen without my earmuffs!"

What one won't think of on an out-of-town permission.

Where are yer feet, Gus?

Dearest "Flo", There just isn't room on this one page, or in this whole book, for me to write all that I think about.

Disappointed that it's only coffee, Susie?

Yes... so best that I just say that you are the greatest gal I've ever met. Want you to remember now, not to forget one gal from Texas who jumps a hose in the harshest form.

Beware of U.M.T.!

Even Sonja Henie had to learn! ever... it's wonderful here at M.V.G.C. this year and I'll never forget the wonderful times we've all had. Since you're the greatest gal I know, you deserve all the luck in the world.

*Guff,
Shelma*

Well, kid, it looks like this year is just about over—
believe me it has really been great. I wish you all
the love & luck in the world. Flo, 'cause you are T.O.P.S.!!!



How always, I mean



Leave us not go to extremes!
Oy! Another theory exploded!
Some gummy outfit!

Before—But where's the after?

Parting is such sweet sorrow!
Dindy's working double-time.
Rockefeller Center has nothing on M. V.



Don't strain the eyes, Bruns!
Aw, shucks, don't give us that!
We want culture, darn it!

My Atlas graduate!

Well, Nancy, the others hid theirs!
That's loyalty—misplaced!
Lucious is at it again!

And not a man along.

Next she'll try the Matterhorn.



Yagels has a big heart.



These rebels really go for it!

Bubble, bubble, boil and trouble!



We bet they sold a million towels!

Life in the W.P.A. is wonderful, isn't it?



Frozen peaches.



Literary

ESSAY ON DANCING

By BARBARA RITCH

TODAY, WE LEARN EARLY the art of dancing, for ardent mothers have us two-stepping at a very tender age. For years, we try to perfect a graceful technique, then we teach the boys to lead it.

Sooner or later, the big night comes. You chase some boy until he catches you, and you have what is commonly known as a date. He borrows his father's car, or quadruples with some of his friends and their dates. You finally manage to get him to the club, letting him assume that you could not have done it without his masterful directions. Thus, you begin the long struggle of the night of the dance.

The evening is usually only a series of faux pas. As your escort puts his best foot forward, your grand entrance turns into a hurried coat-snatching. You start to introduce him to your chaperone, and forget her name. Your first attempt to sit down is brought to a screeching halt, as your hoop flies up in your face. As a result, when not dancing, you murmur, "Oh, I'm not at all tired. I'd rather stand." You shift painfully from one spiked heel to the other.

Before long, the corsage you pinned on your left shoulder, as Emily Post directed, is crushed beyond recognition and you wish you had worn it in your hair, or scotch-taped to a bare shoulder as Paula has done. But, at least, your partner is not dangling dollar bills behind your back to lure the stags. Then you wonder what it is that is tickling your back.

Each dance is a five-mile hike in circles, dotted with comments on the orchestra, on the smoothness of the dance floor, and how Virginia keeps up her strapless dress.

Every one is polite. You step on your date's foot. He begs your pardon. You bump into another couple and beg each other's pardon. A round little creature bounces up, asks whether he may have the next dance; you answer, "I would love to," and get an unobstructed view of the dance floor for a while. Everyone is polite, except the typical Joe Doaks and mistakes Jane for Sue on the dimly lit dance floor, breaks on Jane, steps back, says, "Oh, excuse me," and continues his search for Sue.

There are many types of dancers who are likely to appear throughout the evening: the slow ones, the fast ones, the ones who fox-trot to jitterbug music, rhumba to samba numbers, and those who never notice the music at all. (In these cases, you really are his "drag.") There are those with the pretzel hold, those with the clinch, and those with the twisted clutch resembling a "half Nelson." Some merely extend your arm straight out and use it for a battering ram, but they are better than the heavy breather who deafens you with his panting.

Ah, yes. It is a typical big night! Your hair falls from the heat. Your best evening dress has the ruffle torn off and you or your date are continually stepping through it. And, of course, your petticoat comes un-snapped at the most embarrassing moment possible. Yet, when you hear the strains of "Good-night Sweetheart," you whisper, "It was such a lovely evening!"

HANDS

By PATTY PECKINPAUGH

*I dreamed one night of hands:
Of workmen's hands that toil and strain
With humble grace o'er wood and drill
Grim hands that scoff at pain.*

*And then I dreamed of artist's hands
As slim and white as ivory breath
Fingers fashioning with easy skill
Their languid web of life and death.*

*And then my own hands came to view,
And of a sudden jeered at me,
"We are the useless, worthless hands,"
They shamed and taunted me.*

EGGNOG

By CARY SIBERT

EGGNOG! AH, CHRISTMAS! Holly, pine, mistletoe, and eggnog, a sort of promised land that I wait for at the end of the long, dull, drizzly fall. The first eggnog party comes at least a week before Christmas. The essence of the holiday spirit seems to issue from the silver bowl, the central point of the gay crowd. There it lies, its rich, yellow surface, sprinkled with bits of brown nutmeg, disturbed at frequent intervals by the eager silver ladle. The first sip glides along my tongue and down my throat, rich and creamy, it is like drinking a small piece of paradise.

If, at this point, the eggnog parties would end, I think I should look forward to that first glass almost as much as to Christmas itself. My friends are too generous, however. They must all make their contribution to the season in the form of an eggnog party. Consequently, there is not only that first taste of heaven, but a few more tastes of heaven, several of earth and, finally, Hell, in the form of a disgusting, thick, sweet, cloying drink.

About New Year's Day, I creep into a party with the greatest trepidation. First I peek hopefully into the dining room, but it is always there; lying heavily in its horribly shimmering bowl. I spend hours putting my coat away, then I try to quietly skirt the dining room. The jovial hostess is too quick for me! John, or Willy, or someone, made it from an old, English recipe and I simply must have some. I try to think of an excuse. It is too late, I have the dreaded liquid in my hand. Willy's recipe has that same ghastly similarity that all the others held. Once more, I am trapped!

Two weeks have passed since that last eggnog party. As yet, I think of the drink with utter repulsion, and still, being human, I know that as the weeks and months pass, so will the bitter memories, and once again I shall be avidly awaiting my first glass of eggnog.

THE LADY LOSES

By PHYLLIS KLINGLER

IT WAS A NIGHT when the wind chased itself around the tall, square topped buildings, over the slushy gutters, dodged the dim lamp posts, and snatched up paper to throw in its rage. It loosed its anger in a sudden gust and slammed the old, marred door of "Louie's Bar and Grill," then went whistling by, for it did not know what was going on in Louie's.

Inside, safe from the snapping wind, it was warm; not a cozy warmth, but a sinister warmth. The air was so filled with smoke and beery odors that it seemed as though it had not been changed in many long years. There were several round, empty tables and from the booths in the dark corners came periodic bursts of laughter. The bar was long and unkempt. Behind it was a lusty mural of a girl, bottles lined the shelves, and a man leaned over the sink, moodily dunking glasses in worn-out water. He wore a once-white Jacket and there was a frayed stub of a cigar poking out of his mouth at an unfriendly angle. He was Louie.

Seated at the bar were two men; one at one end, the other in the middle. Both were hunched over their drinks and surrounded by empty shot glasses and overflowing ashtrays. No one was talking. The man at the end of the bar quietly pulled a revolver from his coat. He held it fondly in his hand, turning it over and over, saying nothing. It wasn't noticed until Louie reached for the empty glasses. He saw the gun, but was not surprised. He only said, "Finally made up your mind, have you?"

"Yeah," was the low answer.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"Where?"

"Ain't decided."

"Not here!" Louie warned.

"Maybe . . . don't know."

The man sitting on the middle stool of the bar, lifted his head and listened. "What you planning?" he asked.

"Nothin."

"Murder?"

"In a way."

"Either it is or it ain't."

"Maybe."

"Yourself?"

"Maybe."

"Huh . . . funny. I was thinking the same thing myself. It was the river for me, though."

"Takes too long."

"True. Uh . . . how about letting me in on it. Sounds better. I didn't care how I did it before, but now, guess a gun is the best."

"Why you doin it?"

"I'm in over my neck. Broke parole and knifed a guy. . . . Ain't got much time. They won't get me . . . that is . . . not if I can do it first."

"Don't blame you," said the man with the gun. "My reason's about the same. It's the ponies. They ran out from under me a week ago and left me in the hole. I've lost everything. My wife and kids don't know. The bookie gave me a couple days, but I can't get that much money. I need six grand."

"Look, Mac, how about it . . . yes or no?"

"Sorry. Only got one bullet. Just one. Funny . . . you know? How one good-for-nothing piece of lead can make widows and orphans, cancel debts, end friendships, and force out the breath that God breathed into you. All that from one puny, unimportant hunk of lead."

"Pretty speech, but look. I got an idea. I have ten grand on me now. Don't ask how I got it, but I've got it. How about me giving you the ten grand. Then we play a game."

"A game? Are you nuts?"

"Shut up and listen. Now look. Louie has a room upstairs. You and I will go in alone. One will come out on his feet. . . . You heard of Russian Roulette?"

"Yeah." The man with the gun shifted uneasily.

"You said you only have one bullet. Well, maybe I'm off my rocker, or something, but I got a funny idea that we were put here, you and I, so we would meet, see? I think that only one of us is supposed to go . . . and the other will have a second chance. What do you say to giving Old Lady Fate a chance to have her way? She will say who it is."

"How do we do it?"

"Russian Roulette. Only one of the six shots in your revolver has a bullet in it. You roll the chamber, put the muzzle to your temple . . . pull the trigger. You have five chances to live. It's up to the Ole Gal to say who gets the sixth. O. K.?"

"Sounds right to me," the man with the gun slid off the stool. "Give Louie your ten grand. He can give it to the one who comes down. Let's go."

Louie took the money, watched the two men wind their way through the tables and smoke to the dark stairs, slowly mount them one at a time. Then he heard the door creak shut.

He cleaned the bar and began to wash. As he was lifting the third glass from the water, he heard the shot. He paused, then picked up a grimy towel and began the usual task of polishing. The door knocked open and one pair of shoes appeared on the steps. They hesitated, then shuffled down. He came into the room, walked toward the bar with his head lowered as if apologizing for his presence, sat at his place and ordered a drink.

"Got tomorrow's racing form? I got a hot tip on number five at Pimlico."

THREE QUATRAINS

By MARGARET BENNERS

*A virgin moon lay low in the sky,
The evening star beside her.
And walking with my head held high
With happiness, I spied her.*

*A virgin moon lay salient
In a silver glow,
Illuminating as I went
My merry way below.*

*How wonderful to have the moon
Shining for wish's sake.
But, with a heart completely filled
I had no wish to make.*

A CLOSED DOOR

By JULIA EMILIANI H.

THE FOG COVERED THE IMAGE, but not the sound of determined footsteps. . . .

As I walked through one of the dimly lighted streets of London, The Dark Passage, I could not help thinking how a darkness was within me as well as without. I was getting nearer my destination, and more than ever my anxiety to kill this man became stronger. I could see through the fog, with the help of a lamp-post and a half-lighted saloon, my foe. It was very easy for me to get revenge, as my rival had his back to me.

Nervously, I brought out my gun, which shone curiously like the small beads of perspiration on my hand. It took but a second for me to change life into death, and at that moment, when my bullet hit its target, my jealousy was finally at ease. As I turned for my escape I saw from the saloon two button-like eyes staring out of a mass of flesh at me. Or were they eyes?

At last, I reached the refuge of my room, where I thought I would be at peace. How I was mistaken! For the first time in many years, as I was lying down on my bed, I noticed the poor and shabby look of my dwelling. Everything seemed worn out and dirty to me. The room seemed to press in on me . . . perhaps it was because within me I felt the weight of a soul that did not belong to me. . . . "Yes, David Millray," I said to myself, "You have lost your soul because you have stolen one that belonged to another. Yes . . . Yes . . . you have stolen it."

The penetrating voice felt like a thunder in my ears, repeating, repeating that same charge. I discovered that I could not get rid of it. I knew that I had committed a crime, an irrevocable sin. Slowly the throbbing of my heart became heavier, as the beat of an old clock.

There was not a sound outside in the street. The shriek of the streetcar, and the steady traffic of passers-by had ceased long before I had noticed it. A strange feeling made me creep out of bed. There was something in that silence that I could not bear.

Taking my last cigarette out of my pocket, I walked toward the only window of my room, and looking through it I noticed that the lights of the corner drugstore were out. Then I knew that it was some time after three o'clock. I hadn't looked at the clock. Watching the smoke come out of my mouth in tiny, but well-shaped circles, my thoughts began to vanish away, transporting me to another world, where I felt all powerful, successful at achieving my aim, successful in my escape. The bedside clock alarmed suddenly, sending its shrill scream through me. It was four o'clock, the time I usually went to work. My thoughts altered. Could I face my life? Could I go to work? Could I go about my daily business, pretending that I did not know about Johnny's death?

"Johnny," I said, and burst out laughing. "How could anyone know I killed him? Nobody knows of my affairs."

Yet each shadow in my room seemed to form a figure pointing me out as guilty, until at last my own quarters were no comfort. I had to get out.

I walked in any direction trying to ease my mind, but it was hopeless. My one thought was: I killed a man. My steps took me somewhere, but I did not know where. All they did was tell of my guilt to every passer-by. Now the little beads of sweat turned into streams, my clothes felt damp and clinging, and in my heart crept a coldness I could not dismiss.

Now I knew where my steps were taking me, through no force of my body, yet I could not stop them. Finally they came to a halt before a long flight of stairs. I was afraid to look up, I dreaded to admit to myself where I was, but I was sure of it, and could not deceive myself.

I slowly mounted the stairs, and closed my life behind me with the door of justice.

"FRESH, SPRING FLOWERS"

By PATRICIA LEACH

A CONTINUAL STREAM of people passed the wretched little flower peddler on that raw day in early March. She was one of the first vendors of her wares and received little or no attention. Indeed, her flowers in their gaudy wagon seemed rather sad and pitiful in their valiant attempt to show the first signs of spring. She stood shaking, wrapped in her miserable clothes. One claw-like hand clutched the old shawl about her shoulders. The other was outstretched, offering a small bouquet of daffodils to the unheeding crowd.

Many people brushed by her, deaf to her shrill cries of, "Spring flowers, fresh spring flowers! Twenty-five cents a bunch," until in desperation she began stopping people in an effort to sell her wares.

"Please, M'am, pretty posies for your coat. Fresh yellor daffydils, only a quarter."

"No, no. Don't bother me. I'm in a hurry," said the stout, mink-covered woman. Abruptly, she brushed the little peddler aside.

"Really, there should be a law against these street sellers. They certainly are a nuisance! And, did you notice how wilted her flowers were? By the way, Darling, let's stop at the Plaza for tea. I'm simply famished." And the large, be-minked woman disappeared down the street with her companion.

The little peddler stood staring after her forlornly, then straightened herself, she again stepped forward. This time it was a thin young man, almost as poor as she, whom she accosted.

"Please, mister, some bright spring flowers? Only a quarter," she pleaded.

The young man stopped and wistfully gazed at the little bunch of daffodils.

"Only a quarter for a bit of spring," he mused, "Only a quarter." Then sadly he shook his head and walked slowly away, his threadbare overcoat clutched about him.

The little flower vendor pulled her shawl closer about her bony shoulders as an icy blast of air blew around the corner and began to cry her wares in a shrill, cracked voice.

"Daffydills, daffydills, who'll buy my daffydills?"

A young couple passed the flower cart and stopped to look.

"Gee, ain't they somethin? Buy me some, Pete, some of them yellow ones." The young girl pulled at her escort's sleeve imploringly.

"Only a quarter? Okay. There's your money, Grandmaw. Yeah, I guess they are kinda cute at that, Dot. Come on or we'll miss the early show." The young man tossed the peddler a quarter and walked off, arm in arm, with his girl.

The old woman carefully put the money away in her pocket and wearily picked up the handle of her cart. It was dark now, and the street was almost deserted. Tomorrow she would again peddle her flowers to the unheeding crowd.



"With Love and Wisdom We Go Forth"



Alma Mater

*Our Alma Mater glorious,
With loving hearts and proud,
We crown thee all victorious
And sing thy praise aloud.
In loyalty we serve thee
And strive to heed thy call,
Mount Vernon, O, Mount Vernon!
Through self to conquer all.*

*You give unfailing kindness
If trouble meets us here;
You foster all our pleasures
And make them seem more dear.
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow
Can these fair days erase,
But they, with each tomorrow
Help us new tasks to face.*

*Like Breath of Spring's fresh morning
That lifts the hearts to song.
When courage droops and wavers
And paths seem gray and long,
Will come thy dauntless spirit
To help us on our way.
Mount Vernon, O, Mount Vernon!
Hold fast thy tender sway.*

*The changing years may bring us
Some longed for dream of bliss,
Yet memory will cherish
A sympathy we miss.
In hours of joy or sadness,
Whate'er our need may be,
Mount Vernon, O, Mount Vernon!
Thy children turn to thee.*

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Dearest Flo Flo,
It has really been swell knowing
you this year. I know I will never
forget your friendliness and sweetness.
Take care of all the dogs & horses

Love always
Sally.

Dear Flo,
It's been such fun
coming down to good old
Flo to see you - you
were so nice to me down
here. Here's wishing you
of luck to one sweet kid.
Lots of love,
Mama



